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OLD NICK:
A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

VOL. II.—CHAP. VI.

How men judge erroneously of themselves.—A list of false judgments.—Universities.—Honesty and cleanliness in public.—An expedition.—Barclay like Anacreon's dove.—His commission disclosed to him.—A journey according to nature.—An odd conversation between Barclay and Mr. Addlehead's servant. The success of his deputation.

THE world is too apt to judge by the rule of contrary, and hence we have so many mistakes in the opinion men form of themselves.

Because Aristotle tells us that a man of a great soul is a free speaker, every impudent demagogue thinks himself a man of a great soul; again, because men of genius are remarkable for their idleness and imprudence, every idle, imprudent fellow believes that he is a man of genius; again, because it is the part of a patriot to exert himself for the advantage, honour, and glory of his country, each unprincipled, designing scoundrel, who is perpetually meddling with politics, and taxing ministers, whether justly or unjustly, with the ruin and destruction of the country, calls himself a patriot; again, because religion assumes an air of sanctity, every one who puts on a sanctified appearance, esteems himself religious; again, because poets write verses, every man who writes verses thinks he is a poet; again, because authors of great talent have been neglected, each scribbler, who is with justice neglected, believes that he is an author of great talent; again, because our universities have produced some dignified and learned men, every silly coxcomb, who can say he is of Cambridge or Oxford, esteems himself a learned and dignified person; again, because adultery and duelling are, by some, reckoned the actions of gallant and brave men, the villain who debauches his friend's wife, and afterward, by the way of satisfaction, cuts his throat, holds himself to be a gallant and brave man; again, because honest men will complain of the villainy of the world, every knave, who complains of it, considers himself as an honest man. I must here say a word of honesty. Cicero observes, that if you are not stimulated by honesty itself to be good men, but by interest or gain, you are knaves, and not good men—for what will he not do in the dark, who fears nothing but a witness! In truth, I think little of the honesty or cleanliness of that man, who does not practise them as much in private as in public. He who dresses himself very neatly to go into company, and whenever he remains at home, is careless of his dress, to dirtiness, is, in my opinion, cleanly only for the sake of form, and by disposition a sloven.—So of honesty. I fear too, that they are not few who would privately act like rascals and poltroons, to appear publicly as honourable and brave men. And I know there are authors who will descend to the most servile degradation, and the most contemptible meannesses in secret, to obtain a breath that shall trumpet them forth to the world as *men of noble and exalted minds.* But, to return, to terminate what has no end, namely, the false judgments we form of ourselves, I shall come to Mrs. Pawlet, who, because learned men are full of their follies and eccentricities, thought, by indulging in them also, she might claim a right to be ranked amongst the truly learned. With these principles in her mind, she was, as I have said, full of never-ceasing freaks and caprices.

Our hero had not been more than three weeks at the parsonage, when one night, after supper, as they were sitting very comfortably round the table, Mrs. Pawlet suddenly exclaimed,

"That's well thought of! This is the time, and you must go, Mr. Temple. My friend told me that if he did not transmit them to me, I must send for them. He has not transmitted them, *ergo*, I must send for them."

Barclay did not comprehend her meaning, but he nevertheless inclined his head in token of assent, for he was resolved to do nothing to displease her.

"Where are you going to send Mr. Temple, my dear?" inquired the parson.

"To ———," she replied.

"My dear," cried he, "that's above ninety miles off, across the country. Indeed I think you had better let Peter go."

"Indeed, I think you had better leave my affairs to my own management!" said Mrs. Pawlet, warmly. "Mr. Temple does not object to it, and why should you? I will trust nobody but him. If he does not choose to go, I will go myself."

The Parson was silent.

Our hero now signified that he could have no objection to comply with any wish of Mrs. Pawlet's. Wherever she desired to send, he was ready to go.

Mrs. Pawlet appeared highly pleased with his obedience, and told him that she would give him his instructions in the morning, as she expected him to depart the next day.

"It being across the country," continued she, "I shall advise you, to prevent delay, to take a chaise. You need not be absent more than three days."

At these words 'three days,' Barclay and Penelope, as if moved by one impulse, fixed their eyes on each other, with a look that, at the same moment seemed to say, 'What, shall I not see you for three whole days?'

'There was a time, cried Barclay, when he had retired to his room; 'there was a time when I should have spurned at this servile employment, but if Omphale could bring Hercules to the distaff, where is the wonder that Penelope, to whom the Lydian queen was poor in charms, should make me, in every thing, obedient to her will? To her will, I say, because, however it may appear to others, I am not Mrs. Pawlet's slave, but my Penelope's! Slavery, more sweet than liberty! Like Anacreon's dove am I:

"*She* may free me, if *she* will,
"Yet I'll stay and serve her still."

Next morning after breakfast, Barclay was closeted with Mrs. Pawlet, when he was informed of the important business he was to be dispatched on. She first pointed out the route he was to take, on the map, and then presented him with a letter.—'Now,' said she 'I will tell you what you are going for. The gentleman to whom this letter is addressed is a great biblical scholar, and friend of mine, who has promised me some remarks on the Prophets. I am very anxious about them, and beg you will use the utmost care in bringing them safe home.'

Barclay was then dismissed to prepare for his departure. Having packed up such things as were necessary, and given them to the servant to take to the chaise, he went down stairs, and entering the parlour, saw Penelope alone, standing with her face towards the window.—'Penelope,' said he, in a soft voice, 'must we part?'

Receiving no answer, he went up to the window, and leaning forward, saw that she was weeping.

'What is this!' he cried, 'whence these tears?'

''Tis foolish to cry, isn't it?' said she, affecting to smile; 'but I can't help it.'

'What has happened, Penelope?' he exclaimed; 'indeed I cannot leave you thus!'

'Then you must never leave me at all,' said she, 'for I shall always weep when you do.'

Barclay was sitting in the window-seat, holding Penelope by the hand, when she uttered this speech. He was no longer master of his actions, but rising hastily, he caught her in his arms, and clasping her to his heart, muttered, while he imprinted a thousand kisses on her cheek, 'Dearest, loveliest of women, we will never part."

At this crisis of the tenderest sympathy of unaffected love, they were interrupted; but the parson, whose little dog preceding him, just afforded sufficient notice of his approach to prevent an eclaircissement, that would have given great uneasiness to the worthy rector.

'I am ashamed,' said he, seeing Barclay; 'I am really sorry and ashamed, Mr. Temple, that my dear should give you so much unnecessary trouble. To send you such a distance! But what can be done?'

'Don't mention it, my dear sir," cried Barclay, 'I shall soon accomplish it, and I dare say it will not happen again.'

'You are very good,' said the parson, taking him kindly by the hand, 'you are very good—isn't he, Pen?'

Here he turned to Penelope, who had not time to answer before Mrs. Pawlet came in, and after giving Barclay a short, unnecestary lecture, dismissed him to proceed on his journey, which he now almost loved for the effect it had produced.

Some readers are very much displeased if the hero of a story stirs an inch without some surprising adventure; and yet these very people complain of authors being unnatural. To please them both ways is not very practicable, I allow, but to do so on the score of nature, will, I think, in the instance before us, be exceedingly easy. I take it, that, in England, nothing in the world can be more natural than for a man, whether a hero or not, to travel in a good post-chaise for ninety miles, without the most trifling accident, or unexpected occurrence;—and so did Barclay, arriving at his journey's end late in the evening of the same day.

Being then unable to perform his business, he supped, and went to bed, resolved to do it early in the morning, flattering himself that he might reach the parsonage again by the close of the next day. In this pleasing hope, and in fond dreams of unutterable joys, arising from the impression made on his senses by what had happened to him before his departure, he passed a most agreeable night.

Breakfast being over, Barclay sallied forth from the inn, in search of the abode of Mr. Addlehead, the name of the gentleman to whom Mrs. Pawlet's epistle was addressed. He was presently directed to a large mansion, the best in the town, which, as he approached, he perceived to be shut up, as if the family had left it. However, not doubting but that he should get some information from a remaining servant, the house keeper, or some one, he knocked at the door, which was speedily opened by a clownish looking fellow, booted and spurred, with his long, lanky hair hanging, like mournful cypress, on each side of his fallow, sanctified face. Barclay could scarcely refrain from smiling at his appearance.

'Is your master at home?' he enquired.

'Who be he, Sir?' said the man.

'Is not this Mr. Addlehead's?' Barclay rejoined.

'Yes Sir, yes!' replied the other.

'Well then, whether he is your master or no, is he at home?'

'Which do you call home?' said the man.

'Why what the deuce are you at!' cried Barclay, 'is he in this house?'

'Yes, he be!' he replied.

'Well then, can I see him?'

'Na, you main't.'

'Well, but can I see any of the rest of the family?' said our hero.

'Na,' replied the man, 'they be all gone except I.'

'What is the reason I cannot see Mr. Addlehead?'

'I munna tell—but you main't.'

'Well, what shall I do then?' said Barclay, 'I have a letter here which I wish him to have.'

'Gi it to me then,' replied the man, 'and when I sees him, I'll gi it to him.'

'Well, there it is—but the answer,' said Barclay.

'Come towards evening or so,' said he, 'and I'll see what I can do for ye. If we be gone, (looking at his boots,) I'll leave answer for ye in the hall here.' Saying this, he waited for no reply, but shut the door in Barclay's face, leaving him in great doubt how to proceed, or what to think of his reception.

The delay gave him the utmost inquietude—However, he waited till the evening, and then called again. His old friend, equipt in the same manner as before, received him as he had done in the morning, but with more brevity, for saying,—'I hanna seen him—you must coam again!' he closed the door, and retired.

Not liking to set off without accomplishing the purport of his journey, and in constant expectation of doing so, Barclay danced attendance on Mr. Addlehead for two whole days, without obtaining any other satisfaction than the gentleman in boots and spurs, (for so he always appeared) had given him at first. He had now been three days absent from the parsonage, and was so restless and unhappy, that he resolved to call there but once more; and if he failed, then to return home, without Mr. Addle-

*Fawkes. Anacreon, v. 19. 20. ode ix.

head's remarks on the Prophets, whatever might be the consequence.

Early on the fourth morning he knocked at the door for the fourteenth time. It was opened, and the man, with remarkable politeness, (for he had never shewn any before,) begged he would walk into the parlour. Barclay willingly obeyed, and entered a very handsome room, the beauty of which, however, was scarcely visible, only half of one of the shutters being unclosed; still he could see that it was elegant, and was much surprised to perceive in such a place, a variety of trunks and packages, all prepared for removal.

'Sit ye down, sit ye down,' said the man shewing him the example by placing himself on one of the trunks; 'here be your parcel—I ha gotten it for ye with a main deal of trouble, I can tell ye.'

'What,' said Barclay, 'am I not to see Mr. Addlehead then?'

'Na, he maunna be seen by nobody never no more.'

'How so, my friend,' inquired Barclay; 'what is the reason?'

'Well, cum, I'll tell ye,' replied the man. 'I sees you belong to somebody who's friendly towards him, and I'll tell ye. He bain't no longer my master now, nor this bain't our hoam. Our hoam be in another place where there be no masters. To tell ye the long and short of it, he and I expects every moment, to set off for Jerusalem. You see I be all ready, and ha gotten things pretty tightish together. I don't kna what he'd do, when he com'd there, if it wern't for I, for ever sin he ha made the prophecy, as he calls it, he ha sotten in a dark room, with his chin upon his hands, without making any preparations whatscumdever.'

Barclay made no answer, but stared at the fellow with amazement.'

'Well, there be your parcel,' he continued, 'when he gi'd it tho'f, he bid me say as how it would be of no use, for the world would be at an end in the course of this week, and all the prophecies out, and over. There, cum, goe—I canna stay longer with ye, for I expects to start every minute.'

Here he led Barclay to the door, and pushing him out, left him with Mr. Addlehead's remarks on the Prophets in his hand, almost doubting the existence of the strange infatuation he had witnessed. 'Oh, Mrs. Pawlet!' he exclaimed, as it were involuntarily, 'why, why were you not Mrs. Addlehead!'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

Notwithstanding the controversy on dancing and music has been spun out to a great length, and to very little purpose, yet Sir, I think I have a claim on your indulgence, to be heard once in my own defence, after remaining so long silent, and listening so calmly to all the virulent reproaches that have been so copiously heaped upon me.

My name, Sir, is O*****, who some time since, dropped a hint in your Repository, relative to the evil consequences attendant on the present mode of accomplishing young ladies for their future stations in life. I suggested the too great attention which I thought was paid to *dancing* and *music*. I can assure you, Sir, I had no sinister views whatever in dropping this hint—It proceeded from the purest motives that could possibly stimulate a person to action; little expecting that my feeble attempt would have called forth so much furious animadversion. This, however, Sir, does not in the least displease me. I am rather gratified to think that I hit the mark so well, as to cause so much alarm. It is to me a sure test, that when persons apply to invective and scurrility, they want the better weapons of reason and sound argument to effect that, which they essay to do by a subterfuge of this kind:—just like the coward, who afraid to engage his antagonist fairly, will stand aloof and throw dirt. If Frank Liberal had not descended to this mode of warfare, I should have thought much better of what he has advanced: but this is sufficient testimony for me that Mr. Liberal was conscious of the badness of his cause. I must not fail to acknowledge the obligations I owe to *An Old Dancer* for the part he has taken, as well as *Senex Verus*, &c. all of whom espouse my cause with such arguments as Mr. Liberal has not yet been able to refute. He has attempted to answer some of them, it is true; but not much unlike one "armed at all points with sophistry." I regret that he had not the good sense to hide his chagrin, and not so clearly discover the interest he feels in the perpetuity of vice and folly. This is at least presumable; but I will defy Frank Liberal to charge me with even the shadow of self-interest in my address, which so ardently roused all the energies of his mind, and brought him forth the champion of unmanly invective. Frank seems to have forgot that *truth* and *reason* are the only supports a good cause requires. If he had recollected this, he might have saved the impious quotation from Hamlet; and as to that from Pope, the application had better been made to himself, where it would have had its full force.—If instead of misapplying these quotations, Frank had candidly answered the questions of Verus, he would have met his opponent like a man; but this he knew was impossible, and therefore he ransacks the poets, if peradventure he may find something that might appear like a substitute for argument.

"Thus borrow'd clothes the fopling will put on,
"And boast and strut, and think himself Sir John,
"But when dismantled of the robes he wore,
"He's just the blockhead that he was before.

I do not pretend to say that this will apply to Frank, it was an idea that presented itself to my mind at the moment, perhaps from my reflections on what had just preceded.

I had some thoughts of going over the whole ground of opposition, and exposing the weakness and fallacy of the arguments that have been brought forward in favour of dissipation. But, Mr. Editor, I am afraid of tiring your patience, and that of your readers—I cannot help, however, noticing the *nice* and *easy* manner in which Mr. Liberal has given* *Verus's* pungent questions the go-by; and congratulate him upon the facility with which he skipped from *Senex* to *An Old Dancer*.† J. I. H. it is true, attempts to supply this deficiency of his friend:‡ but he does it in a truly SIMPLE MANNER—*Yes* and *No* may suit his purpose, because it appears he could do no better; but these *simple* answers will scarcely produce conviction. They will not disprove the self-evident truths couched under the questions of *Verus*, viz. that many young ladies learn to *dance* before they have well learnt to *read*—that an over-strained attention to dancing, &c. is detrimental to, and a poor substitute for mental improvement—that it is inconsistent with their duty for professors of Christianity to attend balls and dancing assemblies—that the increase of these argue an increasing degeneracy of morals,—and that youth early initiated in the rites of dissipated assemblies, where pleasure is the only object fought, will seldom be found able to bend their minds to the acquisition of useful knowledge. Until these truths are disproved, or until it is shewn that they do not apply, in an alarming degree, to the state of society in this city, I must beg the gentlemen's pardon, for considering myself on the right side of the question. Facts are not wanting to elucidate them; but the detail would be unpleasant—To me it is a sufficient proof of the public taste, to know

* Page 132. † See page 142, second col.
‡ Page 149.

that 1000 dols. has been subscribed for a public concert in the course of a few hours, and that dancing assemblies are to be found in almost every quarter of the city,

> Where beaux and belles in sweet confusion roll—
> Fatigue the body, and destroy the soul.

Mr. Editor, I am neither a musty *old bachelor*, nor a *disappointed churl*, who has no taste for *innocent* amusements, or pleasure *consistent with duty*; but a man in the middle walks of life, and a *parent*: I hope therefore, that Mr. Liberal and his friend J. I. H. will pardon me for addressing those in the same situation with some degree of seriousness. Let me ask any reflecting parent, whether, if the child should die when she has just accomplised herself in the *supposed* qualifications alluded to, he would not feel much poignant sorrow and remorse, for having preferred these fashionable attainments, to the more sterling accomplishments of the mind, which alone can properly fit us for living, or dying! Altho' this argument may not touch Frank's mind with conviction, yet I am certain every parent, who loves his children, will, on weighing it, feel its force. But it will be said, that it may be expected the children will not die at that time of life: suppose they do not, that will not alter this truism, that what is right to be done when dying, cannot be wrong to do when living; since that which best fits us for dying, will also best fit us for living, in every station of life. The Infidel may sneer at this; but I defy the Christian to do it.

But Frank says, that there is no necessary qualification omitted by an attention to music and dancing.—I wish he could prove this; but unfortunately we have only his bare word for it. I am still clearly of opinion, that whatever *may* be done, music and dancing *is not* attained without the neglect of more important qualifications.

"One word more to" J. I. H. "and I have done." This writer very gravely observes that "he knows of no amusements more useful than plays, provided they conduce to morality." But he pathetically laments, "that owing to something or other, immoral plays are too often introduced." Here his own remark is an ample refutation of what he attempts to support. And as it respects *dancing*, he thinks "it may be allowed, consistent with innocence, &c. if only a small portion of time is allotted to it." But here again he destroys his own arguments, by acknowledging with O*****, "that it occupies too much of the attention of young people;" which is certainly granting all that O***** contended for. Here J. I. H. has shewn himself more liberal than Frank Liberal himself.—But his idea of an acquaintance with music fitting us for heaven is certainly a *charming* one; for all the *fidlers, kettle-drummers, bag-pipe-players*, &c. according to his doctrine, will cut a very conspicuous figure in the regions of immortality;—no doubt but an orchestra will be built for their especial accommodation.

Forgive me, O ye, my serious friends, who may think me too trifling on this glorious subject! who can restrain his risible faculties, or be serious in replying to such an idea of heaven as this?

O*****.

The following Anecdote of a CAT *is extracted from a Report lately made to the Atheneum of Lyons by Citizen Martin, a physician of that City.*

ON the 22d of Messidor, at 8 o'clock in the evening, I was called in by the justice of the peace to make a report respecting a murder committed on the person of a woman named Penit. Having obeyed his summons, I repaired with him to the inhabitation of the deceased, where I found on the floor the body of a young pregnant woman, extended lifeless and weltering in her blood. A spaniel lay at her feet, licking them from time to time, and uttering piteous moans. At the sight of us he arose, did not bark, came up to us, and then returned to his mistress. A large white cat likewise attracted my attention: he was mounted on the cornice of a cupboard at the farther end of the apartment, were probably he had taken refuge at the moment of assassination. There sitting motionless, he had his eyes on the dead body—his attitude and his looks expressing horror and affright.

After slight examination, I retired, having promised to the justice of the peace that I would return at ten o'clock the next morning with one of my brethren of the faculty, to open the dead body in his presence, and before the persons who were accused of the murder. Accordingly, the next day I returned to the spot in pursuance of my promise. The first object that caught the eye of Doctor Martin, who accompanied me, was that same cat which I had observed on the preceding evening: he continued in his former station, in the same attitude, and his looks had acquired so strong an expression of horror and rage, as to inspire my colleague with a fear that the animal was mad. The apartment was soon filled by the officers of justice and the armed force: but neither the clattering of the soldiers' arms, nor the noise occasioned by the loud and animated conversation of the company, could divert the attention of the cat, or produce any change in his menacing attitude.

I was preparing to take from the womb of the unfortunate victim, another victim whom the same murderous act had deprived of life before it had enjoyed the light, when the accused persons were brought in. As soon as the cat, whose motions I attentively watched, observed the murderers, his eyes glared with increased fury, his hair brisled up, he darted into the middle of the apartment, stopped for a moment, then went and laid down under the bed beside the spaniel, evidently sympathising with him in his indignation at the murder, and his faithful attachment to his mistress. Those mute but alarming witnesses did not escape the attention of the assassins, whose countenances were disconcerted at the sight, and who now, for the first time during the whole course of the business, felt themselves abandoned by their attrocious audacity.

This *trait* has removed the antipathy which I had entertained to cats. Henceforward I shall no longer fear their carresses, since the scene which I have witnessed authorises me to believe them susceptible of gratitude and attachment.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

IT has become extremely fashionable, within a few years past, to asperse the characters of those men, who, by their writings, are supposed to have contributed to the diffusion of what are called the *doctrines of the new school*. Justice, however, requires that their names should not be vilified beyond the bounds of truth and candid criticism, and that when a fair apology for, and honest extenuation of, any part of their conduct can be offered, it ought to be done.

I was led to these remarks by the perusal of a note to the story of Old Nick, in one of the late numbers of the Repository, where the principles, conduct and character of the celebrated ROUSSEAU, are treated with great severity and much censure. As I am persuaded you can have no objection to publish any thing which can be fairly urged in his vindication, I have taken the liberty of sending you the annexed extract, from the pen of the sensible and well informed author of *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, with

a hope that you will give it a place in the Repository. As my motives for making this request, are solely those of truth and justice, I cannot doubt of your ready compliance with it. E.

" Again must I encounter the derision of Mr. Burke, by quoting the ill-fated citizen of Geneva *(Rousseau) whose life was embittered by the cold friendship of a philosopher*, and whose *memory* is *proscribed by the alarmed enthusiasm* of an orator."

" I am not intimidated from quoting Rousseau by the derision of Mr. Burke, Mr. Hume's report of his literary secret, seems *most unfaithful*. The sensibilities, the pride, the fervor of his character, are pledges of his sincerity; and had he even commenced with the fabrication of paradoxes, for attracting attention, it would betray great ignorance of human nature to suppose, that in the ardour of contest, and the glory of success, he must not have become the dupe of his own illusions, a convert to his own imposture. It is indeed not improbable, that when rallied on the eccentricity of his paradoxes, he might, in a moment of gay effusion, have spoken of them as a sport of fancy, and an experiment on the credulity of mankind. The Scottish philosopher, *insensible to enthusiasm*, and little susceptible of those *depressions and elevations*, those *agonies and raptures so familiar to the warm and wayward heart of Rousseau*, neither knew the *sport* to which he could be excited by *gaiety*, nor the ardour into which he could be exalted by *passion*.—Mr. Burke, whose temperament is so different, might have experimentally known such variations, and learnt *better to discriminate between effusion and deliberate opinion*."

[*Mackintosh.*

SENTIMENTAL HISTORIETTE.

DURING the last French war but one, a young English officer whom we shall here call Clermont, that had been wounded in a skirmish, was brought into Brussels and billeted upon a gentleman, where he was taken the most humane and tender care of; the gentleman was a married man, and his wife and daughters were in the house, the youngest of the latter being a professed Nun, though, on account of the troubles in the country, as is usually the case, she had left her Convent, and came to reside at her father's.

This young lady was of an order which particularly obliged to care and attendance of the sick; in consequence of which she administered to Clermont, who was not only wounded, but had an after attack of a violent fever; she gave him all his physic, sometimes even dressed his wound, which was in his breast, and not unfrequently sat up with him whole nights to relieve his nurse and his other attendants. As he grew better, the care of Maria, for so we shall call this lady, slackened; but it began to make great impression upon the patient; he saw every day his beautiful attendant, and soon grew sensible of her charms; and by the time he was able to walk about his chamber, his passion grew so violent, that he could no longer contain it within the bounds of secrecy.

At length, her service being no longer necessary, the lady appeared no more. Every person that came to him, he enquired of for Maria, but still received vague but civil answers: a week passed; he saw nothing of her. He was no longer able to bear the deprivation of her sight. Clermont was the eldest son of an opulent family in England, in present possession of an handsome fortune, and in expectation of a very considerable one: he found that Maria's father was, with regard to fortune, but in a middling way; he resolved to disclose himself without further hesitation. accordingly, having one morning desired to see him in his chamber, after having returned him many thanks for the great civilities and friendship he had experienced in his house, he began to give some account of his fortune and connections: he told him he should never enjoy his life (which, under God, he owed to his care) nor his possessions, with half the satisfaction, as when both were devoted to the happiness of one belonging to his kind host and benefactor; in short, the fair Maria had cured him of the wounds given by the enemies, but she had left a wound behind, which none but she could cure; he was willing to make what settlement the father pleased, or to enter into any other terms of agreement, and begged instantly his permission to make her his wife.

" Sir, it is impossible." Good God! how so? " My daughter is a Nun." The fatal consequence of this reply was immediate; young Clermont was seized with a deep melancholy, which was succeeded by a relapse of his fever, that soon reduced him to extremity. The regiment he belonged to, of which his uncle was Colonel, was now at Brussels: he had every thing brought to his nephew that could be procured; but as the principal root of his disorder was inquietude of mind for want of a beloved object, the physicians declared that there was no hopes for the patient, unless his former fair doctor returned to help him. The young lady was not yet gone back to her nunnery, but at an uncle's near the city, where she had assumed the habit of her order; her father, with much entreaty, was prevailed on to suffer her second attendance upon young Clermont, and she came in her habit. His delirium, before very violent, abated almost immediately; but, alas! as he recovered, the unfortunate Maria began to shew the symtoms of the distemper, which she had catched from him; in a word, she sickened, and the third day expired.

During her illness, Clermont could never be drawn from her door, except when by absolute force he was obliged to go to bed. However, when he heard of her death, which could not be concealed from him, he received it without any extraordinary emotions, only he entreated to see the corpse, and at length he obtained permission; he stood at the foot of the bed gazing upon it for a few minutes, then left the room, and from that time never exchanged a word with any one, either in question or answer, but always imagined he was in company with, and talking to the deceased. When he went to meals, he always set a chair for her and a plate, helped her, drank to her, and on retiring seemed to wait for her at the door till she was ready to follow him: nay, when he was alone, people have listened and heard him hold long conversations, sometimes grave and sometimes merry; and when any one came into his room, he was immediately silent, unless he spoke to the object of his idea.

In this melancholy way he was brought by his uncle to England, where he remained some months in his father's house, without appearing to have the least remembrance of any one; when spoke to, he only answered with a down look and a deep sigh; he preformed yet all the functions of nature like a man in perfect health, and his family took every care to indulge his fancy, seeing there was no cure for his distemper.

About this time, a young lady came to visit at a neighbouring gentleman's, who was a very striking likeness of Maria; young Clermont's uncle saw her, and tho't she might be of some use in restoring his nephew to his senses; for this purpose, having brought her to his father's, they provided her a dress like the religious habit that Maria wore, and one night, while young Clermont sat at supper, she came and seated herself opposite to him; he looked earnestly at her for a moment, then turning to the chair at his side, he cried, " *There are two*," and expired!

A REMARKABLE DREAM.

THE other evening, I was reading a story of a man on the eastern side of the Atlantic, who took it into his head that he was sent into the world to enlarge human souls, by stretching them on his Tenters.

Immediately after perusing this curious passage, having laid aside my book and my spectacles, and fallen asleep, as I often do, in my great arm-chair, I was visited with the following remarkable dream.

Methought this curious artist (as many other Europeans had done) had crossed the ocean out of pure regard to my dear countrymen, and having set up his trade among us, and taken his stand in a spacious plain, that a vast concourse of various classes of people resorted to him, for the purpose of trying his Tenters. In the first place, I beheld in my dream, a company of rich, close-handed men, who had done but little or no good in the world; and that, no sooner had they been stretched on the Tenters, than they freely held out the hand of charity and became patrons of useful learning and benefactors to the public. There was indeed among them one single exception, a shrivelled old man, that they called by the name of Gripus, whose heart by the long habit of extreme stinginess had become contracted to a mere point, and was scarcely visible, insomuch that it was impossible to put it on the Tenters; and he was accordingly set aside as incurable.

Next, methought, there came forward a mixed multitude of serious people of different religious sects, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, Quakers, Methodists, &c.—I observed, that as they advanced they eyed each other with looks of suspicion and contempt; but that, as soon as they came off the Tenters, their countenances brightened, and they shook one another heartily by the hand.

Among the last mentioned throng I perceived two learned Divines who had a long and angry dispute upon the question, whether the mantle, that fell from the prophet Elijah, was made of silk or Camel's hair; but, after having both of them been on the Tenters, they mutually agreed either to drop this dispute entirely, or else to conduct it with candour, and without bandying any more in each other's face the odious name of heritic.

I further beheld in my dream, that there came up a group of violent political partizans, and that, at every step they shook their fists at those of the opposite sect, and calling them by the name of rogues, villains, traitors, &c. but after an expansion on the Tenters, they concluded, a political intolerance to be both despotic and wicked, and declared their purpose to live in good neighborhood with their opponents.

[*Hudson Balance.*

STOICISM.

.....WHO has a stronger mind than *Leon?* He laughs at every thing, and fears nothing. By nature, by study, and by experience, he is superior to any event, however extraordinary. One night, while we were walking together in his garden, and the moon was shining in full lustre, I said to him, "I am persuaded, *Leon*, notwithstanding your *strength of mind*, that you would be mightily surprised if this orb above our heads were to assume a threatening aspect, and we saw it on the point of falling to crush us."—"Not at all," replied he, "for though that globe is in truth the next neighbour to ours, there is still so immense a distance between us, that although it were possible for the moon to fall, she would be so long on the road, that we should have time enough to perceive her descent, and avoid the impending danger." But suppose, my good friend, she should fall instantaneously, and without stopping on her way, should not you, in that case, be terribly frightened."—"No," replied he coolly, "I know that the globe which we inhabit is much larger than that of the moon; and tho' she should fall in the manner you mention, the idea of its alighting upon our heads would not for a moment give me any uneasines. She would find room enough for her purpose, I warrant you, without doing us the smallest injury. Suppose, for instance, she were to fall in the Indian Seas, what would we have to apprehend?" "It would cause a terrible earthquake, at least," observed I, with a smile. "Not so terrible as you imagine," rejoined the modern Zeno, and thus our conversation ended. Soon afterwards Leon entered his closet, and began to write a letter. On a sudden I heard a violent exclamation, which appeared to proceed from my friend's apartment. I hastened to the spot, and perceived the courageous philosopher starting up from his chair in extreme agitation, which he had overturned in the act of rising.—"The devil," he faintly and tremulously articulated, "has this moment appeared to me." I found it was nothing more than a large *spider*, that, dropping suddenly on the letter he was writing, had thrown him into this strange disorder. I could hardly refrain from bursting into a fit of laughter at his weakness; but in compassion to the nerves of this determined STOIC, I left him as soon as possible, not a little amused at the accident, which had convinced me, that he who could stand undaunted amid "*the war of elements, the wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds,*" was yet liable to the same weaknesses and alarms which are felt by women and children, and which are scarcely pardonable even in them.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA

IN PAGE 175.

WRITTEN ETEMPORE.

WISDOM existed long before the flood,
Or earth, fix'd on its firm foundations stood;
Ere sun or moon shone on the azure skies,
Ere darkness reign'd, or morn was bid to rise;
Ere one arch-angel stood before the throne,
Or man, or creature had existence known,
She did exist; but now, 'tis strange to tell,
In humblest stations she is doom'd to dwell.
Thou art, 'tis true, a cryer in the street,
But not despis'd, I trust, by all you meet;
Thou dost attend the throne of GOD above,
In climes of bliss, of harmony and love.
When God from chaos bade the world arise,
Made the vast ocean, spread abroad the skies,
The whole creation shews thou didst attend;
But now mankind thou wilt and dost befriend.
More beautiful than gold's the fruit you bear,
Yet sold for trifles,.....sought with little care:
But who will sell thee if thy worth they know,
And all the blessings which thou dost bestow;
Thro' toil and danger who would dread to go,
In search of thee, thou best of all below?
Ah wouldst thou deign to dwell within my breast,
To grant my prayer, and there unceasing rest;
Attend my steps, in error set me right,
Glow in my mind, and shed around thy light;
Blessed would be my lot, more happy far,
Than conqu'rors in the flaming ranks of war....
Then heavenly maid, oh! bid us not farewel,
While in my bosom still thou mayest dwell.

CARLOS.

ACROSTIC TO FASHION.

*F*OULEST idol of a foolish world!
*A*bject creature of Disease's brain!*
*S*ee how thy imperious reign has hurl'd,
*H*eadlong from their seats fair Reason's train.
I n pity play no more the fool,
O'er Nature's sons let Nature rule,
N or let us stray from her plain school.

PHILAMOR.

* *The greater part of our fashions are generally thought to originate in some disease, or natural defect of our forms.*

The Subscribers to the Philadelphia Repository are respectfully informed, that their 19th payment of 25 cents, will be collected on Saturday next by the Carriers.

PHILADELPHIA,

APRIL 17, 1802.

QUESTION FOR THE REPOSITORY.

Given $\left\{\begin{array}{l} x+y+v+u = 32 \\ x^2+y^2+v^2+u^2 = 266 \\ x^3+y^3+v^3+u^3 = 2288 \\ x^4+y^4+v^4+u^4 = 20258 \end{array}\right\}$ to find $x, y, v,$ and u.

MR. HOGAN,

Some years ago I remember to have read the following ENIGMA, *but have never seen the Solution; nor been able to solve it. If you think it of sufficient consequence to occupy a corner in your paper, you will much oblige me by inserting it.* *MARIA.*

FIRE and water mixt together,
Add to this some salt and tin;
Tell me, Ladies, tell me whether,
In this mixture there is sin?

MAMMOTH appears to be the fashionable term of the day; *Literary Mammoths*, Mammoths in Politics, in Physic, &c. are terms now generally understood. Peale's Museum contains the skeleton of the *real Mammoth*, tho' *Sceptical Mammoths* doubt that ever such an animal existed;—it is said the *Mammoth Ox* will shortly be exhibited for sale at the horse-market;—a *Mammoth Eater* at Washington lately devoured 42 eggs in ten minutes; and in that city, among the national archives (as some wags assert) is deposited the *Mammoth Cheese*. The ladies have long exhibited *Mammoth Breasts*, the parsons, some of them, *Mammoth Wigs*; and so we might go on to evidence the *mammothical jargon* in vogue....A late Connecticut paper gives the following account of a curious

MAMMOTH BIRD.

On the 3d instant Doctor *Preserve Wood* of Brookfield, in Fairfield county, caught in a steel trap a very extraordinary bird. The bird is of the vulture kind, of a blackish colour, his bill resembles that of a parrot, his legs are as large as a middling sized man's arm; his talons are about three inches long; his wings, when spread, measure nearly eight feet; his body is much larger than the largest turkey's; his feathers about the head are much lighter than on his wings or body; his legs near his talons are yellow; and the quills in his wings are almost as large as a woman's little finger. This bird, in the course of a week, had killed three last spring cows, and four sheep, belonging to said Wood. The bird is now at the store of Amos Wheeler, esq. in said Brookfield, where those who have the curiosity may examine it.

USEFUL.

Mr. Briggs has ascertained the sourness of the purtrid Pickle of Beef, by a plain and instructive experiment. To a parcel of stinking brine remaining in the bottom of a barrel he added some common ley. A brisk effervescence immediately ensued, the liquor was neutralised, and the offensive vapours were instantly repressed. It is estimated that this operation of alkaline salts will have an extensive and wholesome application in a multitude of cases.

AT one of the late meetings of the *Franklinian Society*, the following interesting question was discussed at considerable length, viz. *Would it not be productive of both moral and religious improvement to dispense with kissing the book in taking an oath?* —In the course of the debate it was clearly proven, that this custom had its rise in Pagan idolatry, from the practice of idol-worshippers kissing the lips of the idol when they took an oath, which was considered as symbolical of the god whose image they kissed being at peace with them;—that for several ages prior to the Reformation, this mode was transferred to the sign of the cross, with the right hand laid on the *Corpus Christi*, from whence arose the term *Corporal Oath*;—and that this again, at the Reformation was replaced by the Gospels, from a mistaken affection of the Reformers to the Holy Scriptures, arising from their having been for so many ages deprived of the use of these invaluable writings. The bad effects of this mode of swearing (exclusive of its idolatrous origin) was argued, from the little regard that is paid by many persons to an oath taken in this way; from society in general being composed of persons holding differents sentiments, Jews, Deists, &c. as well as Christians, and therefore, that the mode most likely to bind the conscience of *every one* ought to be adopted;—that the most natural action in taking an oath, is by a direct appeal to the Deity, with an uplifted hand, and that this is justified both by Scripture and reason. The few objections offered to these arguments were satisfactorily answered,.....and the question *unanimously* decided in the *affirmative*.

☞ THE Subscribers to the PHILADELPHIA BENEVOLENT SOCIETY are informed, that their weekly meetings will in future be held at Mr. Getty's school-room, adjoining the Presbyterian church, the corner of Arch and Third-streets, precisely at 7 o'clock, on Saturday evenings.

N. B. Subscriptions or Donations from the charitable and well-disposed, will be thankfully received. By order of the society.

RICHARD WEVIL,
Secretary, pro. tem.

LONDON FASHIONS.

THE *Bonapartian Hat* is coming into vogue; it consists of white or salmon coloured satin, in the form of a helmet, surrounded with a wreath of laurel, and worn much on one side.

Plain white chip hats, in the gypsey style, without any ornament whatever, tied carelessly under the chin, with pea-green or pink ribbon.

The *Archer-dress*, a petticoat without any train, with a border of green or blue; a blue or green sarcenet boddice, vandyked at bottom; loose chemise sleeves, and no handkerchief. The head-dress, a small white or blue sattin hat, turned up in front.

Brown, grey or olive silk stockings, with yellow or orange clocks, are worn by the ladies to walk in.

Feathers and flowers continue to be much worn, and wreaths of roses on the hair for full dress, in preference to more cumbrous ornaments.

Small watches are worn by a few dashing belles, on their bosoms, not bigger than the round of an half-guinea.

Marriages.

MARRIED.....On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. Charles Jones, to Miss Mary Alloway, both of Lower Merion Montgomery county....Same day, at the Friends Meeting, Mr. Robert Smith, of Burlington, to Miss Mary Bacon, daughter of the late Job Bacon of this city.... On the 10th. by the Rev. Mr. Helfenstein, Mr. Michael Baker, to Miss Elizabeth Wilt, both of this city....On the 11th, Mr. John Johnston, of the Northern Liberties, to Miss Elizabeth Price of Chester county.

Deaths.

DIED...In this City...On the 8th inst. after a lingering illness of near four months, which she bore with the utmost Christian fortitude, Mrs. Elizabeth Devis, wife of Mr. Devis, brass-founder....On the 12th, after a severe illness, William M'Dougall, Æt. 50.

——Suddenly, on the 31st ult. in the 73d year of his age, James Moore, Esq. Associate Judge for Chester county.

A waggish Correspondent thus Parodies the Anecdote of the Hungry Irishman, in page 159.

I'M sorry Paddy you mistook
A dish of suds for turnip soup;
The ball tho' hard your teeth withstood,
And hunger made it very good:
But had it been a *Yankee's* lot,
He would have perish'd on the spot;
Because his *gums*, as you'll observe,
Has oft in *place of teeth* to serve.

S.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ADDRESS TO FANCY.

SWEET FANCY! with what magic pow'r,
Thou can'st the troubled mind compose,
Disperse the clouds that threat'ning lour,
And hush each sorrow to repose!

Tho' fortune all her ills dispense,
To part from bliss tho' oceans roll,
Thou to the lover's sick'ning sense
Can'st call the charm that sways his soul.

When wrapt by thee, in airy dreams
He muses, lost in thought profound;
And while he feels thy kindling beams,
To him what is the world around?

Thus oft do I confess thine aid,
When in each native beauty bright,
The image of my angel maid
Returns in visions of delight.

I see that form which all admire,
Where graceful ease each motion guides;
Which can provoke each soft desire,
While virtue o'er the wish presides.

I see those eyes with softness gleam,
Where Cupid points with fire his dart;
From whose benign, yet potent beam,
Not frozen age can guard his heart.

I see, where o'er her forehead fair
The raven ringlets wanton stray,
And shade those cheeks, whose blooms declare
Of health and innocence the play.

I see those lips—the rose with dew
Suffus'd, deep blushing on the eye,
In vain would imitate their hue,
In vain would with their sweetness vie.

I see that breast of mountain snow
With tumult swell—and joy to see
Th' emotion there, for well I know
The swell tumultuous is for me.

Columbia! on thy happy shore,
Where freedom, truth and honor reign,
Content and peace their blessings pour,
And independance glads the swain;

Where patriot-pride delighted tells,
Thy daughters ev'ry charm possess,
Virtuous and fair,—the maiden dwells,
Whose love my frequent sighs confess.

O, Fate! my ardent pray'r befriend!
Give me (while tears of rapture start)
Again to tread my natal land,
And clasp ELIZA to my heart! Z.

SONG.

MARY'S MY THEME.

WITH vain alarms why heaves my breast?
Why are my spirits sunk so low?
What is it robs my mind of rest,
And urges pleasure to forego?
These various tumults plainly prove,
A soul enslav'd in chains of love.

Th' ambrosial sweets which Flora throws,
From her green lap around the vale:
The fragrance of the blushing rose,
Vie not with Mary of the dale.
Mary's my theme from grove to grove!
"Tell me my soul can this be love?"

At early dawn in ether floats,
The gay-plum'd lark on vent'rous wings;
But he, tho' fam'd for charming notes,
Excels not Mary when she sings.
She is more gentle than the dove!
Her charms have fill'd my soul with love.

Come, Mary come! we'll tread the dew,
While yet it sparkles in the grove;
And at the close of day renew,
Our mutual vows, our plighted love.
Echo the voice of love shall ring,
And life be one perennial spring.

EUGENIO.

ADDRESS TO CLIO.

BLESS'D be the muse who Clio's lay inspires,
And o'er his pensive saddening pen presides;
Bless'd be the man whose glowing heart aspires,
To realms beyond the reach of fortune's tides.

No flatt'ring poet form'd in fancy's school,
To sketch in glowing hues the human heart,—
To deck in tinsel'd garb each wealthy fool,
And varnish vice with fiction's varied art;

Incribes these humble and unstudied line,
The tribute to superior merit paid,
Where join'd with genius smiling virtue shines
In dazzling light, a heav'n-descended maid.

Altho' a stranger, Clio, yet I know
The many virtues of thy honest breast,
And oft have mark'd the rising sigh of woe
Swell in thy bosom, but as oft suppress'd.

When hostile pirates with their daring band
O'er all the ocean held unbounded sway,
The breeze which bore thee from thy native land
Convey'd to them an unsuspecting prey.

Their hearts were strangers to compassion's pow'r,
Their hands were wont to wield the reeking sword;
They liv'd the despots of their transient hour,
And o'er the waves their countless myriads pour'd.

Beneath their tyrant-hands full well I know,
What pain and anguish 'twas thy lot to feel;
And while the tear of sorrow scorn'd to flow
Thou mourn'dst the sad reverse of fortune's wheel;

That by its varying ever-changful pow'r
Now gilds our prospects with a glowing beam,—
Now bid the clouds of disappointment lour
And mark with gloom life's transitory dream.

The motley visions airy fancy draws
In vivid colours to the mental view,
Gains from the youthful heart a warm applause,
While every shadowy form she paints is new.

But when by steady time's criterion tried
Their beauties vanish, and their colours fade;
Experience shows where fancy's buoyant tide
'Mongst rocks and shoals in sparkling eddies play'd.

Youth's rapid current rolls its headlong course,
By fancy aided, and without controll,
Folly supreme, presiding at its source,
Bids its swift wave in frolic windings roll.

Wisdom in vain restrains its rapid haste,
And caution all her frigid influence tries;
Prudence and virtue their exertions waste,
While o'er their mounds th' impetuous torrent flies.

It still remains for able pens to cure
The growing evils of our hapless land;
To scourge the vicious, to applaud the pure,
To combat vice, and all her arts withstand.

The wild vagaries of these wayward times,
Demand an Addison's superior art,
To banish vice to some far distant climes,
There to exert her influence o'er the heart.

With joy I see a Spartan censor rise
To curb despotic fashion's tyrant pow'r;
To earn of active worth the glorious prize,—
The recollection of a well-spent hour.

In Clio's lays I recognize the fire
That erst inspir'd the noble Roman's heart;*
Whose breast inflam'd with patriotic ire,
Rescued his country from luxurious art.

Accept this tribute by a stranger paid
To talents, virtue, diffidence and worth;
Thy prospects may no gloomy envious shade
Again obscure, till "earth returns to earth."

Then when stern death in gloomy pomp appears,
May thy glad spirit upward take its flight,
Joyful to leave this "pilgrimage of tears,"
To soar to realms of everlasting light.

LORENZO.

* CATO the Censor.

A second Answer to the Question, Why Nothing is the Courtier's loss?

WHO, with a soul of worth, would deign
To herd among the courtier-tribe?
Would HE, whose mind without a stain,
Scorns both the monarch and his bribe?

Proud HONOR'S attitude erect,
And all the value VIRTUE brings,
Belong not to the courtier sect,
Who meanly stoop to flatter kings.

Though fortune on them smile or frown,
No worth her smiles or frowns can give,
Though now she lifts them to a crown,
Though now she but permit to live:

What though they boast a noble race
And uncontaminated blood,
And rill by rill, the stream can trace,
Thro' all its windings to the flood?

Though from their honey-dropping tongue,
Resistless eloquence may flow;
Though talents dignify the throng,
Though fortune wealth and pow'r bestows:

Talents, and wealth, and pow'r acquire
From VIRTUE only, all their worth;
With *her*, the peasant may aspire
Above the empty boast of birth.

Since VIRTUE only *worth* bestows,
Be fortune niggard or profuse,
Sure NOTHING can be lost, by those
Who nought of value have to lose.

AMANDUS AMATOR.